Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

What we most need is the prayer of fervent desire for growth in grace, expressed in patience, meekness, love and good deeds.

— Mary Baker Eddy

olume XV AUGUST 1964 Number 4

OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among ALL religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS

Should We Amend The Constitution?	*Robert L. Zoerheide and Dr. Daniel A. Poling*	2
In the Light of a Star	*Marnie Mellblom*	4
Terminus *(poem)*	*Janette Guinn*	7
The Search for Happiness	*Swami Ritajananda*	8
Jonathan Edwards and the Sweet Life	*Robert H. Woodward*	11
New Path to Joy *(poem)*	*Emily Sargent Councilman*	13
Vision in Depth	*Roy Wallace Thomas*	14
My Compass *(poem)*	*Aarno Davidson*	16
With Planner and a Plan *(poem)*	*Carla Patsuris*	17
Book Review	*Peter V. K. Funk*	18
This Church *(poem)*	*Marion Schoeberlein*	20
The Unknown	*Buddy Arnold*	21
Love Letter to the Rocky Mountains *(poem)*	*Alice Richmond*	22
Inspiration	*Paul D. Clark*	23
How A Boy Discovered Religious Experience	*Roland Gammon*	24
Pitolt	*Margo Gina Hart*	30
Editorial		31
Notices and Comments		34

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

22 East 29th Street New York 16, N.Y.

Volume XV August 1964 Number 4

FREEDOM

Real freedom is a state of mind in which we are undisturbed by environmental influences. We experience the sweetness of peace and the extraordinary beauty of spiritual grace and bliss of pure ecstasy when we are in deep meditation. Therefore, let us devote our time in the attainment of Self-Realization.

MEDITATION

When we are happy with meditative awareness then our relationship with others will also be happy.

Our life must be a long continual meditation, then only can we have fresh minds to face all the problems intelligently.

Meditation is an essential factor for a man to uplift himself to a higher state of Real Freedom.

OBSERVATION

The most difficult task in the world is to understand our own mind and the capacity for observation is complicated because of the fact that the observer who watches mental activities could be easily influenced by the reactions of various psychological tensions.

Hence, we must be alert not only in detecting the desires but also in watching them in a detached manner.

RESTLESSNESS

Modern man is in a condition of utter restlessness of mind, because he has lost the integrating factor of the divine principle in him.

The above thoughts are conveyed by Dr. K. M. P. Mohamed Cassim, Ph. D., who is founder-president of the Perfect Peace Lodge, Veyangoda, Ceylon, which is associated with the world's leading spiritual and philosophical organizations. He also is an associate editor of KALVATH SHAN (Abode of Meditation), a quarterly journal devoted to "writings on the path to reality" and published at Wattala, Hunupitiya, Ceylon.

TWO OPPOSING VIEWS ON A NATIONAL ISSUE

SHOULD WE AMEND

Robert L. Zoerheide

THE LIBERAL CHURCH groups I represent are in the singular position of owing their life to the historic religious freedom guaranteed by the First Amendment to the Constitution, that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof...."

For us to find some of the Congress now seeking to grant itself a privilege which was not deemed within its province by the very founders of this Republic is a strange new way for Congress to deny the great wisdom which gave it its birthright. Congress was established as a representative body clearly limited from proposing such an amendment as the one now before us. The disclaimer of section three of the Becker Amendment, to this effect, is then in violation of sections one and two, wherein Congress would, in fact, initiate an amending contrary to the powers granted it when the Constitution was ratified.

The jeopardy we see goes beyond this and into the realm which is the very life blood of our liberal religious church groups. It has been our privilege to welcome into fellowship many Americans who find themselves displaced persons in religion.

Numbered in our churches in addition to liberal Protestants or Christians are free thinking dissenters from the Judeo-Christian tradition or from the Big Three in American religion. Many of these

(Continued on Page 25)

Public discussion of the so-called "Becker Amendment," which would permit prayer in schools and other public places, appears destined to continue in coming months. Many arguments for and against the proposal have been aired, with numerous leading churchmen appearing before the House Judiciary Committee in Washington, D. C., to voice their views. Major portions of two addresses, offering basically different views, are carried on these pages. Mr. Zoerheide

THE CONSTITUTION?

Daniel A. Poling

I HAVE BEEN LED to speak because official representatives of the National Council of Churches, the ecumenical body of my faith, in their testimony here, a testimony supporting the Supreme Court decision, have proposed mistakenly, I believe, that prayers on special occasions—commencements, et al—could be differently judged than prayers in regular public school sessions. Here is a distinction certainly without a moral difference and, I believe, without a legal difference. If a local School Board can permit—and note that the key word is *permit*—prayers for special occasions, why is it enjoined from doing so in the regular proceedings of a public school?

But aside from the testimony itself as offered by the ecumenical hierarchy of my faith, that testimony as it was carried by the press and other public media purported to represent practically all Protestant communicants—forty million is the figure used.

Unwittingly no doubt, these distinguished and sincere Protestant fellow-Christians are published as representing me and what is, I believe, the overwhelming majority of my fellow Protestants, though we are in complete opposition to the position they took in these Hearings. Every poll and the heavy weight of correspondence, I believe, received by this Committee and my own editorial correspondence support the testimony I offer today, and oppose the position of these representatives of the National

(Continued on Page 27)

---

is a Unitarian minister who testified both in behalf of his denomination and for the Fellowship for Social Justice, a national organization representing the social concerns of Unitarians and Universalists. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, a former president of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, is editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD, the widely circulated Protestant independent monthly. He appeared before the committee, as he stated, as "a citizen of the Protestant faith."

IN THE LIGHT OF A STAR

Marnie Mellblom

My Grampa did not commit suicide. And no talk of his hat on a pump handle or false teeth in his pocket will convince me otherwise, Those who knew Ed Oyler said at the time he would never kill himself. But the coroner had never met him. The men who rode the fire engine to the farm had never met him. So they rested their case on a hat hung carefully on a pump handle and a set of false teeth tucked carefully in a pants pocket. They said he jumped down the well.

I rest my case on Grampa's religious fervor. Some people thought he was crazy on the subject of God. And, perhaps he was. But again, it's a matter of perspective. A little bit of religion is enough for some; a lot is not enough for others. For Grampa, a lot was not enough. He was a frightening man sometimes—especially when he probed my soul for any sins that might be lurking there. But I understood the "why" behind his probing.

My Grampa was a wild man when he was young. And he had a father who was wilder. (My Great-Grampa Oyler was a loud atheist who delighted in shocking men of the cloth. Once he went so far as to drive a team by the church on Sunday morning, cursing with all his might.) Well, one day in the midst of Grampa's oat-sowing, he met God. And he spent the rest of his life trying to atone for the sins of his father as well as his own.

I remember Grampa as a short, cocky, erect man with a wonderful handlebar mustache. His voice boomed in my ears and his mustache tickled my face when he kissed me. To see Grampa's soul, I looked in his eyes. When he was absorbed in the Lord's business they blazed with fiery blue sparks. But when he looked at Gramma they were as softly blue as a July sky.

Grampa was a Bible reader. But he didn't stop there. Like the the prophets of the Old Testament, he thundered and roared of sin and sorrow and atonement. He felt it was his business to keep the Lord's business ever before his fellow men.

And he hated waste. He quarrelled bitterly with President Roosevelt over what he called "wanton waste and destruction"—even though he was an ardent Democrat. And since Grampa was a direct sort of person, he by-passed

both local authorities and congressmen. He wrote directly to the President, consigning him to hell-fire and brimstone if he didn't stop killing pigs and plowing under crops.

I am sure President Roosevelt never saw any of the letters. But I am glad Grampa was naive enough to think they reached him. Otherwise he would have marched on Washington. But somebody read them, for soon the FBI descended on his small farming community and a detailed report was made on Grampa's character.

The FBI decided he was harmless and told him to stop his one-sided correspondence. But Grampa believed implicity in his right of freedom of speech and wrote anyway. My Grampa was a stubborn man when aroused.

Grampa had no truck with modern inventions. In a corner of the chicken yard stood the shed that served as "plumbing," and in the house kerosene lamps played soft shadows on the walls at twilight. By the time the sky was velvety black we were in bed. Morning comes early on a farm.

And morning brought Grampa's favorite sight—the fragile, lovely morning star. To Grampa the morning star was a sign of God's covenant with the world. Noah had the rainbow arch but Grampa preferred the morning star.

Grampa and I understood each other. Walking together in the freshly plowed fields, the rich brown earth crumbling between my toes, I felt a childish contentment, a feeling of being one with earth and sky. Grampa felt the infinitely more powerful presence of the Lord. He tried to tell me, but it wasn't until after his death that I found the wonder he felt. He taught me to love the land and its creatures, to fill each moment with happiness and small prayers to a very personal God. All the beauty of the world he gave me freely, but never during his lifetime did I find the peace he carried with him always.

He grew older with the years and the change shocked me. He was old and bent now and his hands were gnarled and knotted from the years of hard work. But he still visited from church to church on Sunday and preached his impromptu sermons during the week. And over the years the people who had ridiculed him came to respect this man who loved the Lord so deeply he could not keep from sharing that wonder with everyone.

It was a Friday afternoon in November. The leaves were falling from the trees. It was a beautiful day. On this lovely day it was said my Grampa died by his own hand.

I had no words for my mother. The world had come apart and words would never make it whole. But I

didn't believe it. Not Grampa. Never! Gramma was ill at the time. Even if Grampa's faith had failed him, the love of her he carried so faithfully in his heart would never fail him. He was her "man" and that was everything.

They had taken his body away when we got to the farm.

"Your father jumped down the well," the coroner said to Mother. "Premeditated. Hung his hat on the pump handle and had his teeth in his pocket. Funny thing about suicides, the way they prepare for...." his voice trailed away.

"He didn't jump, you idiot!" I wanted to scream. *"He was looking down the well to check the level and got dizzy and fell. No one looks down a well with a hat on. And everyone knows his teeth hurt him and he was forever taking them out when he was alone."*

But I was a child and knew from experience that no one would listen anyway. I walked out to the pump.

There was his hat—old, battered, tired—as he had been. Only then was I aware of the tears streaming down my face. On I went. Down the path to the meadow, across the fields, beside the creek—looking for him, searching for his God.

But everything was gone. No peace walked beside me over the land for there was no Grampa beside me.

I wanted to lie down in the tall cool grasses of the meadow and cry and scream and tear at the earth with my hands. My Grampa was gone. A part of me was gone.

Up I got. Back over the fields I went, seeing nothing, for the land held no contentment for me now.

At the well I stopped and looked at his hat. I touched it, pressed it tightly in my hands, then hung it back on the pump handle.

I knew.

I knew... but no one else did. It was not enough that those close to Grampa did not believe he had committed suicide. I wanted the world to know. *Where was Grampa's just God?*

The day of the funeral was gray and somber. The tiny tired shell in the casket seemed never to have housed the energetic, electric personality of my Grampa.

"Please, God, please. Give me a sign," I begged. *"Don't let it end like this,"* I demanded silently.

I looked around me. There sat Gramma, stunned back into her girlhood by his death. On either side of

her were my mother and aunt, both too preoccupied with personal problems to take on the additional burden of Grampa and his supposed suicide.

"Grampa. Grampa," I sobbed. I wept because I wasn't old enough to lead a battle to clear his name. I wept because I loved him very much and he was gone. I wept because it was my first view of death and I was afraid.

In the weeks and months following Grampa's death I besieged the Lord with petitions. I didn't pray; I insisted. I longed for the old relationship of Grampa and God and me. My childhood conception of Him had died with Grampa. I felt no empathy with Him.

The struggle to clear Grampa became my need to rediscover God. The battle continued for a long time. And like all struggles involving God and man, it was not resolved in the neat and tidy way we humans love.

For I found the answer at the end of a long and sleepless night, in the delicate light of the morning star.

And I heard Grampa whisper in my ear, *"Noah had the rainbow. But the morning star belongs to the Lord and me. And you."*

At last I understood. It did not matter whether the world never knew or believed that Grampa had not committed suicide.

Grampa knew. And I knew. And the Lord knew.

Once again the tears streamed down my face. But now I wept in joy. Grampa's peace had become mine. And I had the morning star for remembrance.

TERMINUS

You must not grieve while I'm away,
For I have not gone far;
I'm walking with the whispering wind,
And twinkling in a star.

Remember, oh, remember this,
When we are not earth bound,
We're carried on to higher things,
In God's eternal round.

In mortal state if we could touch
The things that God has planned,
There would not be such sadness,
For we would understand.

You would not dare to wish me back,
To walk this earth of strife;
For I have reached my goal at last;
I've gained eternal life.

— Janette Guinn

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

Swami Ritajananda

All of us, young and old, are looking for happiness. It is an eternal search. All our actions are directed toward that end. When we were children, our joy was in games. Later we had a passion for books. Our joy as adolescents was in the company of certain persons whom we loved even more than books. Then marriage, work, money became a source of joy; if not then we looked for joy in the intellect or something else. But we have never ended that search for happiness.

The "pursuit of happiness" is even considered in the United States Constitution as being as important as liberty and equality. So happiness plays a large part in our life. It is a subject which has preoccupied all the philosophers through the centuries; it also occupies an important place in religion. We are going to study it according to the idea of the Upanishads.

If we analyze the instants of happiness in our lives, we see that they are always related to a person or an object. Happiness seems to us to be possible only when it is related to something outside of ourselves. Secondly, this something which has given us joy is not always the same object. It has often changed. Thirdly, the object of our joy also causes us chagrin if we cannot have it or if it escapes us. Fourthly, we lose our liberty here. We should certainly consider all of this with attention.

The Upanishads are the source of Vedanta, but they treat as well of all the questions of ordinary life. In the "Chandogya Upanishad" we find this passage: *"Man takes work because he hopes to obtain something from it. Do you think he would work if he didn't desire to find joy?"* No, he works in order to obtain joy. No one seeks sorrow, we evade suffering. People who work laboriously, or ascetics who subject themselves to hardships, submit their bodies to hard proofs; but this is always done with the idea of arriving at happiness, so they succeed in their efforts.

The different objects that give us joy have one thing in common: they are susceptible to change, and each thing that gives us joy will

cause us pain as well. The reflective person is well aware of this. On the other hand, the source of joy cannot be grasped. But if our joy depends upon worldly things, we will never come to possess what would satisfy us forever. The ancient *rishis*, after having analyzed mundane happiness and having discovered vanity, turned toward religious life. The Vedic religion used to consist mainly of sacrifices. Men celebrated cults in order to be agreeable to the celestial beings, and to attain from them the kingdom, after their deaths, in order to enjoy a pure happiness there. But the philosophers of the post-Vedic epoch have ridiculed this conception because, they say, it is impossible to enjoy an eternal happiness. However, this comprehension does not come to everyone; very few can arrive at this wisdom.

Now we will try to find out if another kind of happiness exists, one which is not dependent on worldly objects, one which would be of a permanent nature and would not permit us to become unhappy, nor dedeprive us of our liberty. Since very ancient times wise men have tended to ask this question. We do not know where they lived or what they did. After having travelled through Central Asia thousands of years ago, some went toward the West and others went toward the South; certain men among them discovered the joy which is not exterior to ourselves and which being interior forms an integral part of our being in its plentitude. *This is felicity, supreme happiness. It does not depend on any object; nothing in this world, which is subject to change, has power over it; no calamity is able to affect it; and it never brings any danger to our liberty.*

These wise men meditated on this felicity; they composed poems and practiced disciplines in order to experience the felicity. This felicity is not a joy produced by a means, but simply the opening up of a latent source within us which is capable of totally transforming an ordinary person into a divine being—a being of realization—whose magic power can touch men and irradicate their sufferings. These wise men discovered, as well, that the joy produced by exterior objects is only a reflection of that felicity. In effect, when we enjoy something which others do not enjoy, we can ask ourselves if that thing truly has the power to give us joy. The sages have declared that joy is a projection of the supreme felicity inherent to our natures. It is the opening up that source of interior joy that we have to look for. This is the prerogative of all religions.

That which transcends the limits of the body and directly experiences Reality, knows a felicity which is millions and millions of

times superior to all the terrestial joys... The Taittiriya Upanishad describes this felicity in these terms: *"Consider a man of noble descent, in all the strength of his youth, of perfect health, educated in all fields, and full of energy and resolution—and suppose that the entire earth with all its riches is subject to him: this is one measure of human joy. Multiplied by a hundred, it is the measure of the joy of a human gandharvas. Multiplied again by a hundred it is the measure of a joy of a celestial gandharvas"*... The Upanishad describes the joy of the Pitris, of the Ajanas Devas, of the Karma Devas, of Indra, of Brihaspati, and of Prajapati. That joy of Prajapati with a hundred times more intensity is the joy which a being of realization enjoys. But in order that one does not imagine that this felicity of realization is comparable to any sensual pleasures multiplied even to the thousandth power, the Upanishad adds that only one who not longer has any human desires can experience it.

So the Scriptures continually recommend that we do not become attached to small things, but search for supreme joy. This is the advice of Vedanta. That is why they say that the man of realization knows no fear. He is not afraid of losing the object of his happiness; he has no fear of death. The man of realization has a sort of liberty of a unique character. Fearing nothing of anybody, neither in this world nor in the other, he knows a joy without equal and he develops in himself a power by which it becomes possible for him to communicate that joy to other men. All the great saints and the prophets have brought us proof of that felicity and of its power on humanity. These beings alone can do good in the world because they do not search for any worldly happiness. If we understand that the only true happiness is that of the supreme felicity, we will have a great desire to obtain it. Vedanta puts some conclusions before us, but it is left to us to have the personal experience and to find the truth by ourselves.

God has placed in each soul an apostle to lead us upon the illumined path. Yet many seek life from without, unaware that it is within them.

— Kahlil Gibran

JONATHAN EDWARDS AND THE SWEET LIFE

Robert H. Woodward

When Jonathan Edwards stepped to the pulpit in Enfield, Connecticut, on July 8, 1741, and delivered his sermon on the Biblical text "Their foot shall slide in due time," he could not have realized that his description of the utter depravity of man and his imminent and inevitable descent into the fiery pit would characterize him in the popular history of American religion for generations to come. Yet the sad fact is that the few who have heard of Jonathan Edwards—"the last of the Puritans"—think of him only as the author of the terror-filled sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

The religious career of Edwards encompassed three aspects. Edwards was, indeed, an evangelical preacher at one stage of his career, as witnessed principally by his infamous sermon. He was a theological logician who wrote a masterful defense of divine omnipotence and of predistination in his *Freedom of the Will,* in which he proved that the will is not and cannot be free. And throughout his life, from boyhood to his untimely death in middle age, he was attuned to the wonderfully sweet sense of a world suffused with divine love and glory. He tells the history of his growing sense of the sweetness of the religious life in a neglected autobiographical masterpiece, "A Personal Narrative," written in his late thirties, some few years before his performance at Enfield. If this work were the one by which Edwards could be remembered, his image in the popular mind would be not that of a fiery pulpit pounder, but rather of a mystic, even a poet, capable of experiencing and defining those moments when man and deity are locked in the embrace of immortal union.

For Edwards, those mystic moments were times of prayer—not the prayer of entreaty or of supplication, not the fixed prayer of ritualistic devotion, but the prayer that rises spontaneously when man communes with the divine. Even as a boy, at a time of what he calls a "remarkable awakening," he and his friends "built a booth in a swamp, in a very retired spot, for a place of prayer." Edwards' most elevated moments always came when he was apart from society, when he was in nature, where the deific voice could be heard most clearly.

After a period of backsliding—of entertaining objections to the

Calvinistic doctrines that he would later embrace and defend—he experienced an "inward, sweet delight in God and divine things" when he read, in I Timothy 1:17, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen." Edwards' words can describe better than any paraphrase his spiritual response:

> As I read the words, there came into my soul, and was as it were diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being; a new sense, quite different from any thing I ever experienced before. Never any words of scripture seemed to me as these words did. I thought with myself, how excellent a Being that was, and how happy I should be, if I might enjoy that God, and be rapt up to him in heaven, and be as it were swallowed up in him for ever! I kept saying, and as it were singing over these words of scripture to myself; and went to pray to God that I might enjoy him, and prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do; with a new sort of affection.

With these new feelings came "an inward, sweet sense" of the glory of religious excitement, and Edwards found in Biblical allusions to Christ the substance for his meditations. He felt the ecstatic sweetness of divine communion when he read, "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys":

> The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much in reading it, about that time; and found, from time to time, and inward sweetness, that would carry me away, in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise, than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapt and swallowed up in God. These sense I had of Divine things, would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart; an ardor of soul, that I know not how to express.

Sweet . . . sweetness . . . sweetly . . . sweetest. In the fifteen pages of "A Personal Narrative" these words appear forty-six times,

most always with reference to Edwards' sense or awareness of the nature of divinity. To Edwards this awareness was in the form of a communication, a meditation, a contemplation, a meditation—in short, a prayer.

This was Edwards the poet, the Puritan mystic, exulting in the sweet life. In later years, after his "solemn dedication" at the age of twenty to give himself to God alone and to deny his own right to any part of himself, a dramatic change came about in his religious life. The sweetness he felt then was in his sense of self-denial, in his abject humility, in his compulsion "to walk in the way of duty." The sweetness of the mystic Puritan flavored the life of the rigorous and stern Puritan and could not be diluted, only re-directed.

Yet the dominant personality to emerge from Edwards' spiritual autobiography is that of a young man whose ardor could not be contained and who could express his sweet awareness of divinity only through spontaneous song and "ejaculatory prayer," which seemed, he said, "to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent."

NEW PATH TO JOY

I was so sure, that time ago,
That joy could only come
Through altar-worshiping my God
And serving in His name.

I did not choose this stone-spiked path,
This traveled suffering,
Nor dream that halted steps of pain
Could wed an offering

Of helplessness to ecstasy....
Courage-strength, love-born,
Can make, past fetters, singing free
The growing soul of man!

— Emily Sargent Councilman

VISION IN DEPTH

Roy Wallace Thomas

WE LIVE in a time of such searching as the world never before has seen. We call it "research." Our major tool in this enterprise of seeking is science. The increase of new knowledge resulting from scientific research is marvelous. Yet agnosticism, in some quarters, increases.

A case in point is the experience of Julia Peterkin, popular novelist and Pulitzer prize winner, as she described it in an article some years ago on "What I Believe" *(FORUM, July 1930)*. She related the circumstances that shattered her childhood faith. Her friend lay stricken with illness. She followed her brother, the Physician, into his laboratory to ask about the possible outcome. He was busy with his microscope. "Here they are," he said, "pneumonia germs." She looked in the microscope. On the slide were tiny specks. Medical skill failed. Prayers failed. The friend died. Her structure of faith collapsed. And so she gave up religion. Strange logic, this! Why did she not abandon medical science, also?

Mrs. Peterkin tells that one afternoon she found Hester, a kindly old Negro, facing the West and saying her evening prayer to the sun. To Hester, the sun was master of the world since, if it were to hide its face, the earth would grow cold and die. All life comes from the sun, hence she prayed to the sun and thanked it daily for life. Except for the praying, this sounded reasonable to Mrs. Peterkin.

She, herself believes that matter is the parent of life and mind, and that there is no truth in freewill—physical law is all. Life, mind, electricity, gravitation—all are manifestations of one universal energy with its origin in the sun.

Such thinking ignores the greatest fact of the known cosmos, namely, the meaning of the spiritual history of man. It is refreshing to turn to the invigorating society of those scientists who see life steadily and see it whole. We turn to the testimony of a great expert in all areas of essential living, who fought doubt successfully in his student life and matured in the perspective of depth of vision. I refer to the brilliant

English biologist and psychologist, William McDougall, graduate of Oxford, professor of psychology at Harvard and later at Duke University. Before his death, he wrote:

"The sciences of life are widely reputed to be dangerous to religious belief in a higher degree than the physical sciences: of all the sciences of life, psychology is, perhaps, most open to this reproach. It may, therefore, be of some general interest if I, who have devoted more than forty years to these sciences, testify, while pre-senile, that these prolonged studies have led me to a position more favorable to religion than that from which I set out. They have in fact led me from agnosticism to religion."

In his confession of faith in "the universal Spirit which glows, feebly or strongly, in each of us," he includes lines which he feels are "the most sublime of all those written by our greatest poet":

> Look! how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
>
> (Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1)

Poets, like prophets, make a priceless contribution to the spiritual wealth of man because of their depth of vision. Despite the fact that the scientist, by extending sight in the telescope, can measure the ten billion light years to the farthest known celestial body, a recent achievement, and by use of the microscope can probe the infinite deeps of the atom, he cannot by scientific technique alone find Spirit. His "muddy vesture of decay" holds sight back.

Thus by the skilled use of only a part of himself he can explore the deeps of space and matter. But he cannot in this way find Spirit. Only by the free functioning of the whole self can man find Spirit. Yet the ultimate universe of universes, the infinite and eternal world of *spirit,* is all about and within us, having no "up" or "down," reaching higher and farther than the remotest galaxies and deeper than the endless space and complexity within the atom.

At death, the temporary curtain with which time enfolds us, the

poet's "muddy vesture of decay," drops off and the real self emerges in the real world. As Paul wrote in his great prose poem: *"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."* We see but dimly. Only *Spirit,* Creator of all the universes and the life within them can fathom the unfathomable. What the agnostic cannot see he denies. That is poor argument.

I have faith that the universal *spirit* that at present glows feebly in the agnostic, will eventually blaze forth when the poet's finite vesture drops off, and he will see fully. He will be one of the most surprised beings in existence! I think that when he will find quickly the happiness that comes with full adjustment to reality.

In our present situation, despite limitations, we have enough commerce with reality to foster faith. *Faith, fed by prayer, is aware of the reality that sight cannot see.* "For we walk by faith and not by sight." *(II Cor. 5:7)* Faith holds the most precious key in the equipment of man, for it opens the heart to the realities of prayer, to life greater than we can ask or think, to rich discovery through *vision in depth.* "For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." *(II Cor. 4:18)*

MY COMPASS

My compass is not, nor shall it ever be
a magnet of steel which guides on land or sea.
No man-made device can stir the seeking soul
to sail through seas of strife in quest of goal.
The all true Guide provides each affiliate
with maps and fares that lead to Eden's gate.

— Aarno Davidson

WITH PLANNER AND A PLAN

Gradually, as the whole vision of life
Becomes single evidence, we shall see
Hydra-like from invisible roots one
Humanity grow as one wide-spread tree;
This is the natural reaching up and out,
The awareness-tremendous of the soul
Outlining itself, making itself heard...
Transfiguring itself into a goal.

It is happening now this very hour!
For secretly and almost unawares
Our destiny becomes a testament
As it matures; each passing leader shares
His dream and plays his partial part
And with our Nation's growth the leaders grow.
As one more and another takes his place
There come those signs of quickening that show
"When love runs like rivers through-out the land"
Today's adventurings and their corrections
(If we know it or not) shall be a path
To reach tomorrow's God-ordained perfections.

With faith we turn to more than eyes for sight,
For hearing we depend on more than ears
(In our sleep we behold beauty, eyes closed,
And sweet are the lyrics a dreamer hears)
For always, on the forward way life turns
From era to era....from man to man....
From prehistoric peoples on and on
Past floods, past wars WITH PLANNER AND A PLAN.

— Carla Patsuris

Book Review

SPIRITUAL COUNSEL AND LETTERS OF BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL. Edited with an Introduction by Douglas V. Steere. Published by Harper & Row, New York and Evanston; $5.00.

He quarried great chunks out of himself and out of his experience of God, and shared them with others.

There is the familiar adage that when the pupil is ready the teacher will appear. At some point along the road of interior growth, one begins to recognize that a spiritual director is necessary. Either a plateau has been reached and no further progress seems to have been made, or perhaps one is going through a period of doubt or confusion. Whatever it is, some guide beyond one's own efforts becomes a necessity.

A few people are privileged in being associated directly with someone who is particularly suited to this type of work. It takes a very special type of person with a rare combination of talents. Those who are not in a position to be guided directly in this way must look to books. Admittedly this is a substitute, but it can be a very good second best. There are many splendid books available. This is a volume of high teaching quality.

Douglas V. Steere, editor of *SPIRITUAL COUNSEL AND LETTERS* points out that von Hügel was a most unusual man. Known as the greatest theological mind of his age, his special concern was always the care and nurture of souls.

He was born in 1852, the son of an Austrian diplomat. Though a Catholic, inheriting the title of Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, the interests of this immensely scholarly man in all things religious were vast. "It would be hard to find a figure in Britain to compare with von Hügel during his life either in stature or in influence on Protestant and Catholic alike."

After an ample, informative introduction by the editor about this most interesting man, the book is divided into two sections—a selection from von Hügel's spiritual letters, and excerpts from other writings covering a wide area of spiritual counseling.

He is a refreshing and authoritative guide. "His insistence in personal counsel, for example, that (the heart) of religion is adoration, and that any approach to religion that ignores the adoration of God is

like a triangle with one side left out...."

He suggests also, that a full and fruitful religion contains a creative tension between the mystical or emotional element, the historical or institutional element, and the intellectual or scientific element.

The spiritual guide who will speak to the soul's real need must teach it the place of each of these elements in a full religious diet or ration. He must cultivate the inner mystical life through the practice of private and corporate prayer and worship. The spiritual guide must also meet the terrible gravity-like pull of sin in the one he is guiding by the historical revelation of God's redemptive power in Jesus-Christ."

Von Hügel was always practical, starting with people wherever they were, guiding them according to their own bent. Yet as Evelyn Underhill, the noted writer on mysticism, found out, the baron could be sharp and firm when one wandered too far from the path.

His guidance depended essentially on three pillars: *prayer; daily devotional readings; participation in regular, corporate worship.* Furthermore, concerned lest one become sanctimonious or imbued with extreme religiosity he suggested that one should master the discipline of at lease one science thoroughly. Science is a splendid intellectual training ground for it demands disciplined thought on the part of the student.

Keep this book at hand. Read it in small amounts at a time. Share the thoughts and guidance by one who had the courage and insight to follow his true vocation.

The following is a sampling of selections from the book:

"A religion is not worth much if it does not produce heroic acts."

"Holy suffering is the very crown of holy action. God is no pedant. He can and does look to the substance of our suffering and knows how to penetrate beyond our surface restlessness."

"I want, then, to wish you a very rich, deep, true, straight and simple growth in the love of God, accepted and willed gently but greatly, at the daily, hourly cost of self...."

"Our prayer will profit greatly if we thus hold firmly and fervently this double truth: of the Pure Joy of God and of the Deep Suffering of Jesus."

"Detachment ought never to be practiced for itself. I detach myself only in order to attach myself. I let go evil or the less of good in order to seize the better or the perfect.

But I never let go in order to fall into a hole."

"Be silent about great things; let them grow inside you. Never discuss them: discussion is so limiting and distracting. It makes things grow smaller. You think you swallow things when they ought to swallow you. Before all greatness, be silent—in art, in music, in religion: silence."

Do not be greedy of consolation. I never got anything that way. Suffering teaches: life teaches. Don't weaken love; never violate it. Love and joy are your way. Be very humble, it's the only thing."

"Never try to begin to help people, or influence them, till they ask, but wait for them."

"The power of evil in a world ruled by an omnipotent God the source of all good; we never get rid of this problem. We can only minimize it. There are people who pretend that the earthquake at Tokio was a good thing—to have cancer in the face is somehow splendid, and shows the goodness of God! I hate all that talk. Evil is a mystery, and you don't do away with it by calling it good."

P. F.

THIS CHURCH

This church has church goers of every kind
Inside of it; women with suburban peach faces,
Men of business-tired walks... children
Whose mischief during the sermon stirs a chime
Of my own childhood....this church is an
Owl-eyed minister gazing down at us from a
Pulpit in a velvet shadow and spreading before
Us the palm-by-palm way of Christ on the way
To Jerusalem..,.this church is sitting down in
Another country to shake off the leprosy of
Sin and push the little stars inside of us
Far out again....one panther step ahead of Satan....

— Marion Schoeberlein

THE UNKNOWN

Buddy Arnold

(From—The Wall of Jericho)

Copyright 1961

Today at the age of thirty-two I stand at the threshold of the future. I am unafraid. I believe that future years will give me my desires. Whatever Wall of Jericho is placed in my path will topple. Have I not seen them topple before? I have seen miracle after miracle performed in my life by God!

I live in the age of frustration for the world. I live in an age of spiritual darkness. Yet I know the clouds will pass away, as they have done in my past life.

Today I am a spastic with joy. Today I am a spastic with hope. Today I am a spastic with a future. Today I am a whole being. And all that I am belongs to God; for all of this He achieved. The glory belongs to Him.

No, complete healing has not come, but perhaps some day if I keep faithful and keep marching around this giant wall, healing will come. I can only pray that it will be so. But, if it should not topple, I shall never condemn my God.

A great blessing has been given to me. I have been chosen a cross bearer for Christ. Two years ago a woman told me that I preached a sermon for Jesus each time I smiled. I nearly cried for sheer joy.

To be handicapped no longer means a useless existence. The handicap who keeps marching around his Wall of Jericho can live an abundant life. It is only the handicap who stops marching that lives an unfruitful existence. God doesn't give any person anything which he cannot bear.

God is a good God. God is a sufficient God. All we have to do is to reach for His loving hands. He wants each of us to be channels of healing love.

Once, I was lost. I did not think life was worth the effort to live, but today I know different. Life is always a challenge to conquer. Life is a wall of Jericho, it must be reduced brick by brick. Beyond the wall are green pastures and still water. I have reduced that wall, and life is well worth the sweat and tears. I have come a long way along the path of life called understanding. As I look back, the pieces of the great jig-saw puzzle seem to fall into place before my eyes. It tells of a Great Plan; and gives a reflection of that certain something called God. That is why I am glad to be alive. That is why I face the unknown with confidence; and that is why I will continue to march around the Wall of Jericho!

LOVE LETTER TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Dear Rockies:

Who can look at you as Light is dawning, lift up his eyes,
Lift high his inward spirit of worshipping eyes,
Have heart and wondrous good within lie darkly unaroused?
Shadowings of late afternoon creep over your steep sides
Like children crawl onto a lovely mother's lap
Look up at her with wondering trust: their mother.
Dear Rockies, our Sun, a magnet eager drawing close
First visits you, her loving friendship shown in warmth
Leaves gifts behind her in conceiving: color-rousing
Graceful-grown trees' design surrounding you.
Revealing daring ways for other friends to come a-gambolling:
Our Moon protective, leaning overlong around the darkness
Welding God's aeons to carve always their travelled imprints,
known as ONE!
I look at kingly Rockies glow; my strength refreshed, increases.
My sorrow fades, dissolves into the far-unknowing spheres.
Bright newness of enlightened Spirit within me births
To realize the earthy heights wherein we ALL belong
With you, dear Rockies, and to our GOD, illuminant!

— Alice Richmond

Prayer, when it is a caricature, is a futile retreat from reality. Prayer, when it is real, can lift the world off its hinges, and turn the stream of centuries into new courses.

— Harry Emerson Fosdick

INSPIRATION

Paul D. Clark

Inspiration burns as an eternal flame, forever at our disposal. It kindles every good and noble thought and deed. But, in prison, evil seems to flourish, for good and noble thoughts and deeds are more often kept secret.

Inspiration is a fragile thing, like a whisper or a kiss, and unless it is grasped and utilized it is quickly forgotten. It is oftentimes it is like a bright burning star, lighting the way. Whether it is dashed against the surrounding walls of defeat and despair, or utilized to push us toward unsurpassed individual efforts and achievements depends upon the individual; but inspiration comes to us continually, ours to use as we see fit.

But what is inspiration, and from where does it come? What motivates or inspires great leaders of mankind to be of service to man and try to make this world a better place in which to live? Can it be possible that the same motivation, the same inspiration, which causes them to try and re-shape a better world is the same motivation, the same inspiration, which causes imprisoned men to try and re-shape their lives?

The inspiration is the same. Men have called it by many different names, and each person accepting and using it has found a unique individual experience. Each time we are inspired to better ourselves, to straighten out our lives, to rise above our past failures, this new surge of strength, this new resolve, this new inspiration, comes as a *gentle push from above.*

Each of us has a true self beneath those tired old layers of defeat and despair, a true self which has never had a chance to brighten the world. Inspiration can bring him to the surface.

Inspiration produces change. Inspiration can even produce greatness. Inspiration can be the difference between victory and defeat.

(From—The Atlantian)

HOW A BOY DISCOVERED RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

By Roland Gammon

YEARS AGO, as a boy in Maine, I stood in the May moonlight beside a glistening lake. Suddenly, in the forest quiet as I watched the moon-silvered waves and heard the winds stir the tall pines, the solitary scene dissolved in an ocean of light.

Behind, beneath and above—bursting from trees, thicket, flowers, stones, waves and star-clad sky—glowed a light which enveloped and dissolved me in its beauty. A heart-piercing joy lifted me up; a tremendous new sense of happiness thrilled my being even as it confirmed my youthful yearning for what the saints call "union with God."

In that silent opening I knew the universe was a living, luminous emanation of God himself; that His continuous, creative Presence sustained every field, flower, flake, scatter of stars and miracle of life and that if and when that Presence should ever be with-drawn—the world would vanish. I knew then that, as the prophets and poets had foretold, every human being is the individualized embodiment of divine Being, and that the whole purpose of life is to realize that divinity here and now.

Reprinted with
permission of
THIS WEEK Magazine.

PRAYER AMENDMENT
(Cont'd from p. 2)

are citizens who have married across the boundaries of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faith; others seek our churches because in relation to orthodox views in religion, they are free thinkers, agnostics, skeptics and humanists. To them the Judeo-Christian Bible represents but one of the many kinds of bibles of great worth to the peoples of America and to the world.

Some even were raised in a household that was Moslem, some Buddhist, some from Ethical Culture, and some with no formal religion at all. If the majority of our citizens were Moslems, by our American principle it would be wrong to impose the reading of the Koran upon the minority of non-Moslems. The principle holds true for a nation that has been very preponderantly Christian. Its founders were significantly liberal Christians, and that meant genuine tolerance and separation of Church and State.

Prayer has quite a different meaning from the traditional, when people like these seek an orientation to life and the universe which is not framed in language, or silence, before a personalized God. Buddhism, Taoism, and Humanism are honorable and historic faiths wherein a belief in an impersonal principle of life and the universe is a basis of faith, as it can be in a Unitarian or Universalist Church.

If a public school is eighty or ninety per cent, or even ninety-nine per cent, Christian or Jewish, Bible reading from the Jewish, or, one of the Christian Bibles does in fact establish that religion for all, and coercion upon the minority groups cannot be avoided even in exemption. Our new state Hawaii with a Christian minority and Buddhist majority could find Buddhist scripture and prayer established by their schools.

America has been a haven for diversity because of the historic guarantees of the First Amendment and the entire Bill of Rights. The men who set our ship of state on its course were religious themselves, as you well know, and the First Amendment was designed to guarantee freedom of religion, not to endorse one over another, nor even to endorse piety over a lack of it.

Because Thomas Jefferson was one of our spiritual founders, we of the liberal church remember well that it was toward the pressuring of religious groups in his day, and their efforts for tax support of churches, that he directed the words now on the facing of his memorial: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

There are some today who would think it odd for a church group to feel it would be tyrannized if Congress pressed for an amendment like this, which would give free reign in the public schools to the majority preference in Bible reading and prayer, but such is one of the subtleties of true freedom. If this amendment should prevail, the hospitality and diversity our liberal churches now offer in religion would be violated on religious grounds for our children in the schools, even though it were not in our churches.

With such a minority stand in religion, we have kept a happy home here in America with our close and good neighbors who are Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. We have contributed a larger ratio of names to the Hall of Fame than any other religious group. Such an achievement has been possible because the First Amendment safeguarded our distinctly minority views by keeping religion separate from the agencies of the state.

Dr. Dana McLean Greeley, President of our Association, of the United States and Canada and Mexico, has asked me to record respectfully his strong opposition to this amendment, and his conviction that we cannot return to sectarian practices in public schools and still lead the world in freedom or even in voluntarism and vitality in religious expression.

We cannot live happily without living wisely and nobly and righteously.

— Epicurus

PRAYER is the very soul and essence of religion, and therefore prayer must be the very core of the life of man, for no man can live without religion.

—Mahatma Gandhi

PRAYER AMENDMENT
(Cont'd from p. 3)

Council of Churches.

I believe in ecumenicity. As a former President of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, my own denomination, I have been a member of the Protestant hierarchy. But no Board, no central body, however named, has authority to speak for the Protestant faith as these men have spoken. There has been no plebiscite and without it I find nothing in the Constitution or By-laws of the National Council of Churches authorizing the testimony offered here by these Council leaders. Indeed, there is evidence fully confirming me in my belief that in their testimony before this Committee they have misrepresented the overwhelming majority of their fellow Christians of their faith.

Is not one of the problems in the Supreme Court decision the difference between permissive and restrictive legislation? In the State of New York, the Regents wrote a particular prayer. This was obviously wrong on the face of it—wrong for anyone to write a prayer and say to me or you, "This is your prayer and if you want to pray a prayer, this is it."

Also it is true, I think, in Maryland and Pennsylvania, that the State *required* the use of the Lord's Prayer or the reading of a specified number of Bible verses, saying in effect, "You must read this." I would be hard put to defend such an imperative.

With proper humility, I hope, I suggest that the Supreme Court should have been concerned in each case with the difference between compulsion and permission. Surely, the State should not be permitted to say, "You *must* pray my prayer or read the Holy Book I prescribe." *That would be an abridgment of my Constitutional rights.*

On the other hand, I submit that my Constitutional rights are abridged when any Court says or implies, "You *may not pray* the prayer you wish in school or out, or read a devotional book." For me it is as simple as this: no Court is competent to tell me where I may or may not take my religion so long as I do not impose it upon another.

I support the Court's action that strikes down a requirement, a compulsion for religion in schools. But surely, only those involved, directly involved, the local community under the Constitution, are competent to decide, decide for themselves, what they *will not do.* Has not this been America for one hundred and fifty years?

In an article, "The Paradox of the School decision," appearing in

PRESBYTERIAN LIFE, the distinguished Elton Trueblood stresses the point of what is to me chiefly disturbing about the Supreme Court's decision. He affirms, and I agree, that the ultimate reason given by the Court is a doctrine of "neutrality." The words "neutral" and "neutrality" appear on various pages of the printed Opinion. And the final argument given is: ". . . in the relationship between men and religion, the State is firmly committed to a position of neutrality."

We need to inquire into the meaning of this word "neutral"—and just what is "neutrality"? Surely, no man can be neutral about justice "for refusal to witness may help the other side," Dr. Trueblood points out that sometimes neutrality aims at moral fairness, as in a situation in which we are waiting for evidence; but in other situations it means moral paralysis. Often, it means cowardice or indifference. And I submit that "a conception so ambiguous and so doubtful is a strange pivotal point for a practical philosophy of human conduct."

I further submit that instead of taking a neutral stand as between various religions, the Court rules, in the Baltimore problem, in favor of an atheist claim. If the vast majority of Baltimore parents are denied the right to pursue a practice which they prize, is not this a prohibition of free exercise?

Also, is not this actually the tyranny of a minority? The distinguished Dr. William F. Rosenblum, Rabbi of Temple Israel in New York City, once said in a sermon in his own pulpit: "In this country, the minority must recognize that the majority also has rights."

It seems to me that it is not intellectually honest to affirm a position, or for the Court to affirm a position, unless we are willing to accept what that position entails. And I further submit that this absolute, this unqualified neutrality involves and inevitably must involve:

1. Forbidding Thanksgiving, which is consciously religious and has been from its beginning.

2. Forbidding Government recognition of Christmas, which surely is religious. As of the Court's latest decision, must not this Christmas day as a holiday, on which Government offices are closed, be dropped?

3. Forbidding the opening of Legislatures and Courts with prayer. I submit that the final paragraph of the Court's latest decision undermines this practice.

4. Forbidding the appointment of Military Chaplains by the Government. There are vital arguments profound emotions centering here, emotions and arguments inexpressively poignant to those who have

sons in uniform or memories of sons in uniform. Surely, you would not send our men into combat or prepared them for combat without the comfort, the guidance, the sustaining strength of their religious faith, though there must be no compulsion of religious faith.

Surely, to protect, or in a gesture of protection, seek to protect those who, in their freedom, do not believe in God, we should not destroy or restrict the more than century-old commitments and practices of those who do believe.

The implications of unconditional neutrality, as affirmed by the Supreme Court, are so numerous that it is impossible to know where to stop, for our life is deeply influenced by our spiritual heritage, as the Justices themselves agree. And Justice Stewart points it all up, when he says, "We err in the first place if we do not recognize, as a matter of history and as a matter of the free imperatives of our free society, that religion and Government must necessarily interact in countless ways."

It is quite possible, I think, that in an effort to support separation of Church and State, we may be maneuvering ourselves into the position of subordinating religion to irreligion and, indeed, of supporting irreligion.

Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court in his personal footnotes on the Court's Regents Prayer decision left no doubt of what he believes the future holds for "In God We Trust" on the coins and currency, the opening of Courts and Legislative bodies with prayer, the oath, the Chaplaincy in the Armed Forces, et al. And already these same minority groups have brought action in lower courts seeking to strike down all of these.

Unwittingly, but nevertheless, the resolutions passed by the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church and a proposal emanating from the National Council of Churches at the same time, gave comfort to the all-out position indicated by Justice Douglas.

How paradoxical it all became when we filled the air with prayers —though atheists of course were free to remain silent—after the President of the United States was assassinated. And when, Lyndon Baines Johnson as President of the United States called for Memorial Day prayers for Permanent Peace! There is clearly apparent an absurdity in "doing in practice what we deny in theory," and would forbid in Law.

Again, I agree with Dr. Trueblood when he concludes, "The separation of Church and State is important, but it is not the only conception that is important." The danger, the supreme danger today,

is that we substitute a doctrine, a doctrine of neutrality, for a sense of history and an equally vital sense of values.

Is it not true that in more than 150 years, good, and indeed only good, came out of what we now seem to be prepared to discard. Surely, this is not the time, when the moral foundations and indeed the very foundations of our free society rock, to destroy that which has strengthened and enriched America.

The Founding Fathers defined and eventually practiced separation of Church and State, but it is abundantly clear that separation was never intended to mean exclusion. *To exclude our time-honored religious practices is certainly to recognize and, I believe, also to invite irreligion. This Republic was not so founded and up to now has not so prospered.*

I support an amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America, an amendment that will make it unmistakably clear that separation does not mean exclusion.

PITOLT - is now my philosophy - and what is that? Just what my title says! Prayer *is* the only loyal tranquillizer! And I have tried them all! Some you build up a tolerance for; some make your skin break our or give you indigestion or make you too drowsy for all practical purposes; some work at one time but not at another; and some make you feel even worse, to the degree that you wish you had not expended the tidy sum they cost you! But prayer, alone, has gotten me through pain that medicine could not diminish, and prayer has gotten, and gets, my troubled soul through lengthy days and nights that medications did nothing to relieve—days when the night before allowed only three hours sleep! Days when trouble or pain was my Siametic twin! Prayer is the only tranquillizer—to put *your* faith within!

— Margo Gina Hart

EDITORIAL

SPIRITUAL RENAISSANCE

We are at this moment living through what may well be the most important, decisive period in the history of the United States and the entire world. Being put to severe tests are basic beliefs and philosophies which in many respects are at crucial variance with each other. How these various conflicts are resolved will determine what is to be the true wave of the future for mankind.

While issues here and around the world take on a wide variety of shapes and hues, at the core of most is a theme of universal scope: brotherhood...how man accepts and respects his fellow man.

Attainment of true brotherhood is a precept set down by God; yet man in his imperfection finds the route toward its realization a tortuous one. Still to be overcome are a multitude of human frailties—selfishness, vanity, fear, distrust, hate...to name but a few. Manifestations of such faults are found all too easily in our nation and around the world.

Of pressing immediacy for us in this country are issues of the political campaign now being launched. Overriding all of them—all of the subjects to be submitted to the arena of public debate—are the very basic questions of freedom and human rights. It will be wise for all thinking citizens to offer deep thought and sincere prayer as future courses are considered.

One historic political convention has just reached its conclusion as this is being written, and as the bimonthly goes into circulation another will be about to start. Words of partisan interest have been spoken and will continue to fill the air in coming months. It is the obligation of all of us to give weighty consideration to all opinions placed before us. It is too simple to hide behind the view that "politics is for the politicians" and succumb to the defeatist attitude that the average man is powerless to affect the outcome. The average man is the supreme politician, and hopefully, as he engages his God-given intellect and enlists Supreme assistance, answers of right and justice will be found.

Among words emanating from political sources of late have been those spoken by the keynote speaker at the Republican National Convention at San Francisco, Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon. To quote one portion of that address is not to express any political party preference; a man of deep personal religious belief, often exhibited, he spoke not only to Republicans but to all people as he called for a rebirth of faith "in the strength of our religious heritage and the need for a spiritual renaissance in our country." He continued:

"A decade ago a great Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, pointed to the central role of a righteous and dynamic faith. Without such a faith, he said, all else avails us little. The lack cannot be compensated for by politicans, however able...by diplomats, however astute... or by scientists, however inventive...or by bombs, however powerful.

"Our greatest need is to regain confidence in our spiritual heritage, John Foster Dulles said. Now, ladies and gentlemen, government is not in the business of dispensing religion. However, government by its examples shares in the setting of the moral standards of this nation. To hold a political title does not excuse the holder from high standards of ethics and morality. If this nation's leaders do not demonstrate integrity of ideas, integrity of action, they will surely destroy the moral standards that guard us from decay."

In one sense, it might seem that these words are but platitudes. Is not the fact of America's religious heritage so entrenched as to be accepted without question? Unfortunately, no. Those of firm personal faith can stand in confidence and demand that the fact *should* go unquestioned, but they are blind if they ignore the presence of powerful forces of atheism and agnosticism in our pluralistic society.

And the call for a spiritual renaissance becomes doubly important when we bring ourselves to accept the fact that the so-called "religious community" is far from united in its views of the problems that currently plague us. Such a religious split is all too evident when we examine the civil rights struggle. Though it is elementary that God intended that rights and opportunities for all men, whatever their race, should be equal, the number of Americans who claim scriptural basis for their belief that God condemned some men to a position of inferiority is dishearteningly large. Such an attitude, of course, is not confined to America or to the present moment in history. It is seen vividly in South Africa's vicious apartheid laws...it had its part in the justification

Hitler and others of his kind down through the ages have found for their mass massacres.

In its short history, the United States fortunately has been guided largely by men who have recognized their responsibility for carrying forth the basic tenets established by the nation's first citizens. And while we must have faith that the innate wisdom of the populace will continue to provide such leaders, no individual can indulge in either political or religious complacence and believe we are somehow immune from bigotry and power-lust in high places.

In an election season, the nation traditionally splits into camps of divergent opinion. The process is basically sound—if both camps are seeking the same ends of right and justice but by different routes. The situation in our current era of decision, however, has been magnified not only by the broad gap between the political philosophies being expounded. Also, at each side of the contest are large numbers who insist, on religious as well as political grounds, that they are the sole proprietors of the truth.

The time, then, becomes one of crucial decision. And the decision will not be made by political parties but by individuals. As never before, the spiritual dimension of all issues must be ferreted out and prayerfully considered.

Great movements for good have been launched in our country and around the world. Yet, all too real is the widespread presence of demagoguery and hate. The test, as never before, is being put to those who—to quote the FIP statement of purpose—ascribe to the "universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy...a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind."

The spiritual relationship with our work speaks of our relationship with higher power; how much of prayer, how much of faith, how much of charity for others we frame around our efforts, such speaks of our quality of service and its measure of success.

— Grace Whitney Hoff

NOTICES and COMMENTS

THE PASSING OF AN ADVISOR. We regret to report the departure of one of our advisors, Mrs. Wilbur T. Breckenridge of New London, New Hampshire and Winter Park, Florida. Although we know life eternal suffers no change, we shall miss Lenora Breckenridge's counsel and assistance—always wisely and generously given.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ... ADDRESSES. Is your subscription to *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER* near expiration? Have you changed your address recently? We would appreciate being notified as soon as possible of any address changes so that the bimonthly will continue to reach you without undue delay. Also, while we endeavor to notify subscribers as their expiration dates approach, a growing circulation list and a small office staff sometimes makes this impossible. We are confident that if you are a regular reader you will want to continue receiving FIP. If this is your first look at the bimonthly, we hope you will subscribe. *FIP is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates are available for additional copies.*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY! Harry Halsey Starrett, a contributing editor and a dear friend of Fellowship in Prayer since its inception, reached his eighty-ninth birthday on July 23rd. Though delayed, our most sincere best wishes and prayers for his health and well-being are hereby happily conveyed. One of Mr. Starrett's poems, *True Riches,* is on the inside back cover of this issue.

EXPANDING READERSHIP. FIP receives a great many religious and spiritual publications from across this country and around the globe. Frequently it is felt that reprinting articles from these will be of special benefit to readers who otherwise might not have access to the material. It also has been most gratifying to receive an increasing number of requests for permission to reprint articles from our bimonthly. Such a sharing by publications reaching different groups of like-minded people can only serve to further our mutual purposes.

COPIES AVAILABLE. A limited supply of *The Malayan Theosophist* quarterly is on hand and may be had on request. The copies are received from Dr. C. H. Yeang of Penang, Malaya, editor and publisher of the quarterly. Dr. Yeang has been for some time the Fellowship's Advisor in Malaya.

CONTRIBUTORS. Authors in this issue include some past contributors who we are happy to welcome back to the pages of FIP after an absence of some time. These include Swami Ritajananda *(Search for Happiness,* page 8), a contributing editor who maintains a very busy schedule as president of the Order of Ramakrishna at the Centre Vedantique Ramakrichna in France. He keeps in touch with the Fellowship as often as time permits. The original of his article was in French, but was translated by a friend and is published in this issue with the permission of and some emendations by Swami Ritajananda. His covering letter favors the Fellowship with "greetings and best wishes."

A personal experience is described by Marnie Mellblom *(In the Light of a Star,* page 4). The wife of your editor, she first contributed to FIP last December. Her work has appeared in several other religious publications.

Dr. Robert H. Woodward *(Jonathan Edwards and the Sweet Life,* page 12) has previously contributed an article on Benjamin Franklin and prayer, and, hopefully, more of his work will come to FIP in the future. Dr. Woodward is head of the English Department at San Jose State College in California.

We would like to specially acknowledge three other pieces in this issue, all obtained with gratitude to their authors and the publications where they first appeared. These are *How a Boy Discovered Religious Experience,* page 24, by Roland Gammon; *Inspiration,* page 23, by Paul D. Clark, and *The Unknown,* page 21, by Buddy Arnold. Mr. Gammon, an author and lecturer, is with the Communicorp Public Relations firm in New York City. Mr. Clark is editor of *THE ATLANTIAN* at the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Arnold is a weekly columnnist in the Hartley, Iowa, *Sentinel.*

A special word about Mr. Arnold... The article in this issue is taken from his own small book, *THE WALL OF JERICHO,* a marvelously inspiring series of personal thoughts and biographical experiences. Mr. Arnold, a victim of cerebral palsy, has been confined to a wheel chair all of his life. As stated in the preface of his book, "his struggle from darkness to light is a way open to all persons everywhere who would shatter their 'Wall of Jericho!'" The book can be obtained through its publishers, the Siouxland Prayer Fellowship, 2011 Ruby Street, Sioux City 3, Iowa.

It is not possible to personally acknowledge all other contributors to the bimonthly. However, as always, the articles and poems by faithful contributing editors and the increasing number of new writers are gratefully received. All contributions are welcomed and will receive careful consideration.

FELLOWSHIP ADVISORS

EASTERN ZONE: Elisabeth Achelis, Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, Florence S. Dustin, Mrs. Bennie Caroline Hall, Mrs. William Hung, Mrs. David William Jones, Olga Lamkert, Georgia H. Marin, Mrs. Kenneth B. Park.

SOUTHERN ZONE: Mrs. Emily Sargent Councilman, Mrs. Arthur R. Kutch, Mrs. Mildred Seydell.

CENTRAL ZONE: Katherine L. Beech, Karl W. Frey, Mrs. David William Harris, Harry Halsey Starrett.

WESTERN ZONE: Mrs. Velta Myrle Allen, Mrs. Zelma S. Dennis, Henry J. Gernhardt, Roy Wallace Thomas, Mrs. J. H. Titus, Mrs. Helen Dudley Young.

FOREIGN ZONE: Prof. Mohammed F. M. Awad, Ph.D. *(Cairo, Egypt)*, Emilie, Lady Coote *(England)*, Prof. A. N. Molina *(Philippines)*, S. R. Shafaq *(Iran)*, Dr. Teh-yao Wu *(Taiwan)* and Dr. C. H. Yeang *(Malaya)*.

ADVISOR-AT-LARGE: Mrs. Marion Mills Preminger.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Mildred Long
Francis Merchant
Carla Patsuris
Swami Ritajananda
Roy Wallace Thomas
Harry Halsey Starrett
W. J. Thompson

TRUSTEES and OFFICERS

William Hung, *President;* Mrs. Thomas M. Taylor, *Vice President;* Gordon Belding, *Vice President;* Frederic Snyder, *Vice President;* Peter Van Keuren Funk, *Trustee;* Edwiene Schmitt, *Trustee;* J. E. Thompson, *Treasurer;* Kathryn G. Brown, *Executive Secretary;* Neil Mellblom, *Editor*.

Fellowship in Prayer
22 East 29th Street
New York 16, N. Y.

Date.....

I enclose $....in payment of a subscription to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER for.....year (s), and $....toward furthering the work. May God add His blessing!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

TRUE RICHES

Nothing I have belongs to me;
all I have, belongs to all.

The more I give, the more I have;
in giving all, I have all.

Having nothing, I have everything;
having everything, I desire nothing.

Desiring nothing, I rest in peace —
"The peace of God which passeth all
understanding".

Harry Halsey Starrett.

Fellowship in Prayer
22 East 29th Street
New York 16, N. Y.